

Shakespeare for Who?

by Tayhlon

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Summary: Red vs. Blue centric. Focuses on why certain people should not be allowed to read plays.

1. Chapter 1

What happens when everyone's favorite pink armored soldier gets hold of Shakespeare's plays?

Red vs. Blue players return...

In the middle of the most worthless piece of real estate in the galaxy, a hapless group of soldiers are in for a surprise...

Donut is busy handing out scripts to everyone in Blood Gulch, ignoring the obvious tension between the opposing sides. Both teams are staring at their scripts, each person with varying degrees of shock or horror.

Church: What the hell is this?

> Donut: It's a script. I highlighted your lines and your character.
 Church: How did I get a part?

> Tucker: Better yet what play is it? It better have hot chicks in it.
 Sister: I'm a hot chick.

> Caboose: I love chicken. See I even get to be a friar. We can have some chicken nuggets!
 Donut: I made certain everyone got the right role.

> Church: But none of us tried out for a role. Hell, you didn't even ask us if we wanted to do this.<p>

Tex is flipping through the pages of her script.

> Tex: I've got no problems with it.<p>

Church actually looks at the pages in his hands and is surprised by what he sees.

> Church: Wait a minute. I'm Romeo!?!<p>

Grif: Why did I get the part of the nurse?
> Sarge: Great galloping gravy boats! I'm Juliet's father. Even more reason to hate the blues.
 Simmons: Yeah, I see that I'm Tybalt, Juliet's cousin, so it would seem that...
> Grif: I'm the nurse!? What the fuck?<p>

Tucker: I'm just some friend of Romeo... snickers
> Church takes a swipe at Tucker, who easily dodges.<p>

Church: So, uh, who exactly is Juliet? Tex?
> Tex: Hell no. I get the best line though. "A plague on both your houses."
 Grif: I'm a nurse?
> Church: Dear god please don't let Juliet be who I think.
 Donut: That's right. The director is also a star in this play.
> Church: Caboose. Please kill me now.
 Caboose: But I want to have the fried chicken.

2. Chapter 2

Once again the red and blue armies had gathered in the middle of the canyon where Church waved a script at Donut.

"C'mon man, why am I the ghost?" Everyone focused on Church; aside from Tucker who was too busy trying to cover his laughter.

"Why are you asking that? Isn't it a good choice?" Their would-be director's pout was obvious.

A shot rang out and the bullet struck Church between the eyes. His body fell, leaving his spirit behind. The now ghostly soldier sighed and looked at his spectral form. "You _could_ have picked someone else."

"As Hamlet's father?" Tex reloaded her battle rifle. "You're the best option. Deal with it."

Grif looked up from his script. "Just because you were Romeo last time doesn't give you the right to go 'diva' on us."

Glancing at Grif's script Simmons stifled a laugh. "You're just glad you're not a nurse, aren't you?"

"Damn straight."

Finally looking at his part, the maroon armored soldier let out a squeak of surprise. "I'm Hamlet? Finally a lead role! My struggle for recognition hasn't been in vain!"

Sarge sauntered over to see what all the excitement was about.

"Hang on a minute here. Let me see what's goin on. Wouldn't want you to start buffing your codpiece for an inferior production."

"Sarge, how could this be possibly be bad? Look, I gave you the part of the king of Denmark." Donut pushed a sheaf of paper into the other man's hands.

"So I am. Claudius? Hmmm."

"Hey director guy! Why am I playing a lady named Gertrude?"

Donut looked over at Sister. "Oh, you mean the queen?"

"I'm the queen? That's kinda hot. The name still sucks though."

The ever oblivious Caboose was puzzling over his part. "What is a Horatio? Am I in geometry class again? I didn't like it the first time, because no one would tell me which angle was the right one."

Church groaned at his teammate's query. "That's your part in the play."

"We are going to play? I'll go get my soccer mitt."

Nobody stopped Caboose when he ran off.

The lightish-red director scanned the group, most of whom were reading their scripts. Doc looked up from his.

"So I'm Polonius. Who's playing the parts of my kids?"

Donut gestured toward Grif. "He is playing the part of Laertes, while I am Ophelia."

"I was waiting for that shoe to drop."

Grif tossed his script away and began to walk off.

"Don't go! We haven't even had a line reading yet."

Donut waved furiously at Grif, but the other just flipped him off and walked toward red base.

"Not again. Why do my actors always leave?"

End
file.